

# Youth



**In this issue:**

**Pat Boone  
Talks to Teens**

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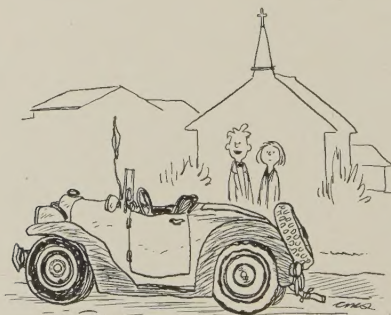


## editor's note:

Lenin's books on communism are fast becoming the world's best-sellers. Some authorities say that in Asia, Africa, and other parts of the world, Lenin's books are outselling the Bible. A recent UNESCO report shows that among "the world's most translated authors" in 1956, the Bible was preceded on the list by Lenin, Jules Verne, Tolstoy, Maxim Gorki, and Mickey Spillane. The UNESCO report, however, did not include figures of translations made by Bible societies in various countries.

In response to a world-wide increase in the ability to read, the Communists everywhere are flooding the marketplaces, bookstores, and newsstands with inexpensive editions of books on communism. The peoples of the world are struggling to know more about the meaning of life. They seek to better themselves, spiritually and economically. As followers of Christ, we can help them, if we will.

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Copyright 1958, by Gospel Trumpet Co.

**"I think the presence of my car does a lot for our church . . . It proves we're a struggling young congregation!"**

July 6, 1958

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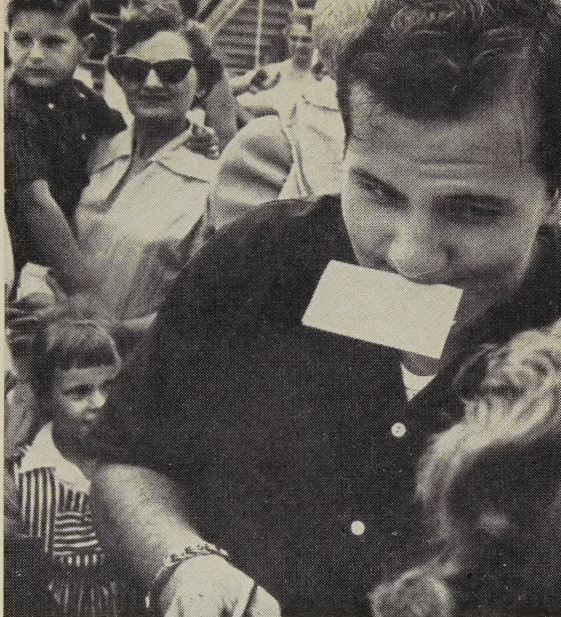
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Volume 9      Number 14



*Wide World Photo*

## Living according to the rules

**By Pat Boone**

as told to Edgar Williams

ONE DAY in Philadelphia some months ago, a television columnist tossed this question at me: "Pat, what do you consider most responsible for your success as an entertainer—your voice, your manner or your appearance?"

The answer I gave then is the one I give now: voice, manner and appearance all count, but the most important single factor to me has been and is—faith. Faith in today . . . faith in tomorrow . . . faith in God.

I doubt if there is anything more personal





***Accompanying Pat Boone as he tunes up a song is his pianist, Milt Rogers.***

*Wide World Photo*

than religion, and I don't like to wear my beliefs on my sleeve. "Living" one's religion is more effective and certainly more rewarding than just "talking" it. This holds true for everybody, but it is particularly important for people in the public eye.

Entertainers, because they are watched so closely by so many, are constantly reminded of their influence and responsibility. I know for a fact that most entertainers are aware of this responsibility and do their best to set good examples in their professional and private lives. As for myself, I certainly hope that

I will never do anything that might be considered "setting a bad example."

However, entertainers are human beings, and like everyone else they make mistakes. If it's possible to have a "share" of mistakes, I can safely say I've had mine. Since we all goof now and then, the important thing is how we react to our mistakes.

What happens when the bottom falls out and you become confused and need help? Things might seem pretty hopeless, but if you have faith in prayer, you know, as I know, that help is just a whisper away.

There are those who might think I'm a stick-in-the-mud or a fanatic who is so busy trying to be good

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This article from Pat Boone was approved for exclusive use in YOUTH magazine. Mr. Williams is a staff writer for *Today* magazine, Sunday supplement of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. He is also a frequent contributor to YOUTH magazine.

## ens are a generation of hope and promise"

that I don't have any fun. That's far from the truth. Nobody could have more fun than I'm having.

The most fun of being an entertainer, I've found, is the constant contact with people, particularly teen-agers. I'm not so far removed from teen-age status myself, being all of 23 years old, and I think I dig their language.

I am more than a little weary of all the talk about the "lost generation" and "juvenile delinquency." It is my opinion that today's teen-agers are a generation of hope and promise. For every "juvenile delinquent" there are innumerable wholesome, quietly-decent youngsters.

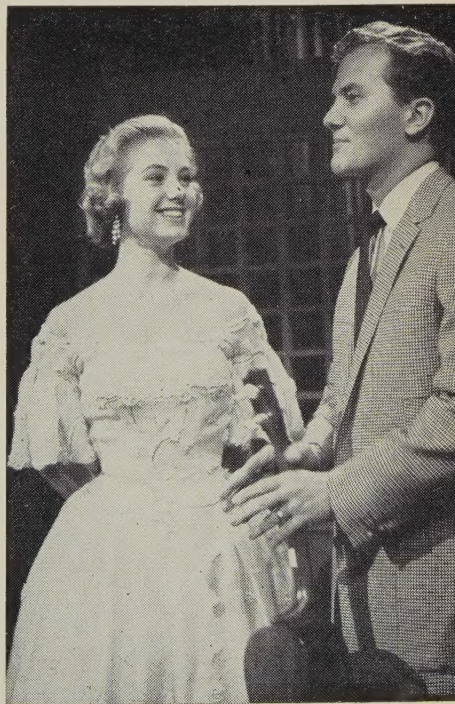
I'll say this: I have four young daughters, and if they grow up to be as fine and as decent and as honorable as most of the current generation of teen-agers, I'll be content.

When lightning struck and, practically overnight, I made it big in

show business, I was told by some well-meaning people that my wife, Shirley, and the children constituted something of a handicap. If I didn't "play down" my family, they told me, I would hurt my chances for popularity, especially with teen-agers.

I couldn't buy that. I'm very much in love with my wife and children. Any attempt by me to keep that part of my life in a dark corner would have made me uncomfortable,

*Shirley Jones, who was guest on Pat's ABC-TV "Pat Boone Chevy Showroom," also appeared with him in a movie.*





## "We seek a wholesome, normal family life"

and it would have been dishonest. If the public wanted me, I figured, it wouldn't make any difference that I was a family man, and proud of it.

Apparently, it hasn't made any difference. In fact, I feel it has helped my career, and sometimes I think my wife and babies are more popular than I am. When our fourth child was born last winter, the bulk of the congratulatory messages came from teen-agers.

The way I see it, most teen-agers regard wholesome, normal family life as a desirable thing. And Shirley and I certainly try to keep our family life wholesome and normal.

It hasn't been easy for Shirley,

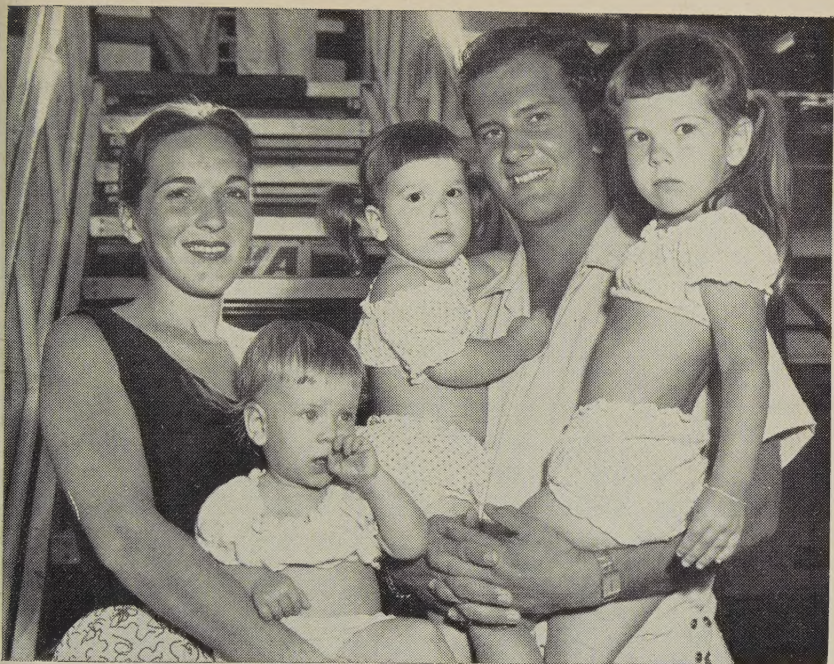
being the mother of four energetic young ones and the wife of a fellow who always seems to be on the go. Our marriage has been built on the keystone of faith, and we let nothing interfere with our religious obligations. We are members of the Church of Christ, and we believe that the privilege of membership carries with it the responsibility of service.

Long before I knew I had a chance to make good as an entertainer, I set out to be a school teacher. I still have an idea in the back of my head that someday I'd like to teach. That's why, when I got my big break on the Arthur Godfrey television show in New York in 1955, I transferred from North Texas State Teacher's College to Columbia University and continued studying. I graduated last month.

It has been pretty hectic doing my TV show, making records and going to school in the winters and making movies during the summer, but I wanted that college degree.



*Pat was host to his father-in-law, Red Foley, popular Midwestern folk singer.*



*Pat and his wife, Shirley, have four children. Shown here are Deborah Ann, 2, Linda Lee, 3, and Cheryl Lynn, 4. Not shown is Laura Gene, 6 months.*

I'm not much on giving advice, but sometimes teen-agers ask me for some, and I always try to level. The most common question goes something like this: "How can I be popular and still live according to the rules?"

I think the answer can be provided by taking the question and making a flat statement out of it: You can be popular by living according to the rules.

If you are honest and straightforward and kind, you cannot help

being popular with the type of people who count. Any "popularity" that comes from bending or fracturing these rules isn't really popularity. It is a snare and a delusion.

It seems to me that modern teen-agers, growing up in this era of the atom and the satellite, are faced with the greatest challenge ever given to young people in the history of the world. And, from what I know of what you teen-agers are today, I say this confidently: I know you are going to meet this challenge.





# Smoke Screen

**R**ECOGNIZE these characters? They're the persons who think they need to be puffing on a weed in order to feel important. Some sneak a smoke because it's forbidden and because it's wrong. And what a messy trail of cinders, smoke and smut they leave behind to annoy others. Artist Jim McLean did these cartoons and captions originally for *Friends*, an EUB youth publication. With their kind permission, we share them with our readers. From your own experience you can probably add other "Smoke Screen" personalities to this list.

## Waldo Worry



*Waldo Worry is unsure of himself. He took up smoking to get "class." If he knew how people are laughing, he'd graduate to a better class!*

## Smella Smoke



*Smella Smoke believed the cigarette ads; if she knew what the boys really think of girls who smoke, she would douse that light in a hurry!*

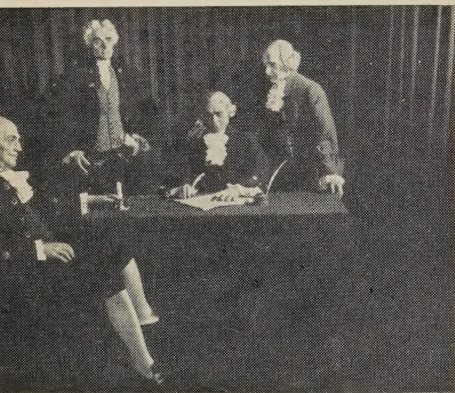


## Hoyt Urp

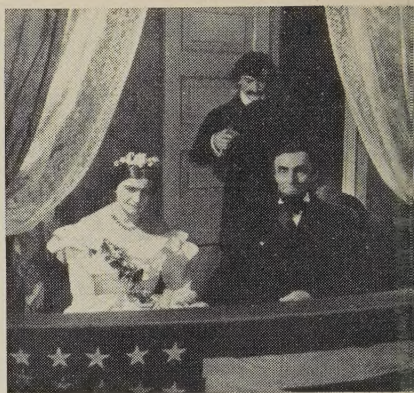


*Hoyt Urp thought he'd be real smart; instead, he's sick.  
Next time, he figures, "no" will be the smart answer.*

*Tourists see historic events come to life . . .*



*Ben Franklin, Jefferson, Hancock and John Adams sign the Declaration of Independence.*



*John Wilkes Booth aims his fatal gun at the unsuspecting Lincoln in Ford's Theater.*

## *A new wax museum*

*By Glenn D. Everett*

**H**AVE YOU ever wished that you had witnessed the signing of the Declaration of Independence? That you could have seen great men like Benjamin Franklin or George Washington?

Of course, we can't turn back the pages of time but scientists and artists can do wonders when they combine their resources. With the help of a new vinyl plastic which is uncannily like human skin, they have duplicated great figures from American history. Washington, Franklin,

Lincoln, Teddy Roosevelt are among the many historical personalities to be found, life-size, in the new National Historical Wax Museum in Washington, D. C.

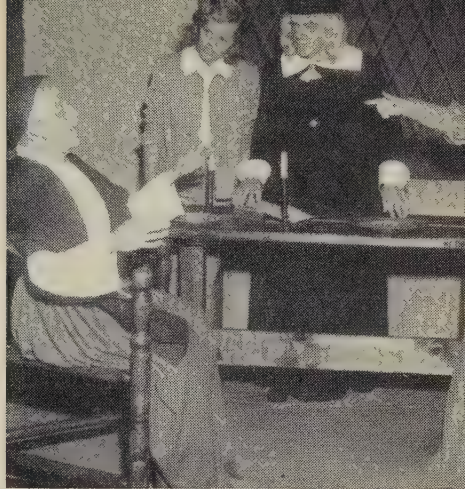
The word "wax museum" comes from Madame Toussaint's famous collections in Paris and London. There, at the beginning of this century, she startled the world by reproducing in lifelike wax, the figures of prominent statesmen. The reproductions astonished many of the personages included in her gallery. They felt as though they were looking in a mirror.

Mr. Everett is Washington correspondent for Religious News Service and a frequent contributor to YOUTH magazine.





***Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin meet at Yalta in 1945 to agree on peace terms.***



*Seth Muse Photo*

***Pat Saville ponders courtroom scene from infamous Salem, Mass., witchcraft trials of 1692.***

The idea of a wax museum in Washington came to Mr. Frank I. Dennis in Paris one day in 1953 when he was showing some old Washington friends through the gallery there. All were much impressed with the lifelike scenes from French history and agreed that a similar reproduction of great moments of American history would be an asset to the U. S. capital.

The government wasn't interested in such a venture, but Mr. Dennis received support from private investors in Washington. An old stable located in the "Foggy Bottom" section which is being rehabilitated through slum clearance, was obtained and in the stalls where Old Dobbin used to get his feed, stages were installed. Two years of work by the Dorothy Lynch Studios of

Baltimore, Md., created the figures for the museum.

Creating a figure is very painstaking. Exact measurements of the individual being duplicated must be obtained from historical sources. His face is sculptured on the basis of available paintings and photographs. The hair must be inserted one hair at a time and must be styled to the fashion of the time. Clothes, such as were worn in that era, have to be designed and furniture must be made authentic for the setting.

The age of the figure must be carefully ascertained. Visitors are startled by the youthfulness of Thomas Jefferson in the Independence tableau. But he was only 33 when he authored that immortal document! Benjamin Franklin, on

## Washington's wax museum

*Albert Einstein is the most realistic of the historic figures reproduced in plastic at the new wax museum.*

Seth Muse Photo



the other hand, looks his full age of 70.

The diminutive stature of Theodore Roosevelt is clearly apparent, as is the rugged build of Jim Thorpe, immortal American Indian athlete.



Thomas A. Edison is shown with one of his original phonographs beside him. The great genius of Albert Einstein is clearly portrayed in what is probably the most lifelike statue in the entire collection.

As is usual in wax museums, several events of terror are duplicated. John Wilkes Booth is shown just as he committed the most terrible crime in American history—the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

Thus, from the nation's most glorious moments, to some of its worst, scenes from American history unfold.



*Jack Mulvena, a high school football star, reads about Jim Thorpe's Carlisle Indians beating President Eisenhower's West Point cadets in 1912 by the score of 33-0.*

Seth Muse Photo



## American flags and wrecked autos —symbols of today



*By Theodore A. Braun*

AMERICAN flags and wrecked automobiles are two common sights along our nation's roads every Fourth of July. As we pass by, they remind us of how life ought to be lived, but often is not.

The bashed-in cars are starkly symbolic of our scientific progress—and also of our lack of stewardship. Our supercharged chariots are fabulous creations of chrome, lights, and fast-revolving wheels. But alas, they do not always travel to the tune of "Sentimental Journey." When the driver is a poor steward of high horsepower, the tune is more likely to be "Real Gone Over You" or "You Send Me Out of This World."

Sleepy drivers, those who have been drinking alcoholic beverages or taking tranquilizer pills, or who have an inferiority complex (for which they are frantically compensating with the auto's horsepower) are in no condition to be good Christian stewards.

Mr. Braun is a campus minister at Penn State University, State College, Pa. This is his first in a series of news comment columns.

The flags are symbols of our allegiance to democracy. However, putting a flag in front of a house does not really say much about a person's patriotism. (Neither does an ever-present Bible on a living room table say much about a person's religion!) Some people who sport an American flag are anything but real patriots. They do not believe in equal rights for all members of the human race, or in freedom of speech for those who criticize our country, or in the words at the bottom of the Statue of Liberty. Theirs is a flag on their front porch, but not in their hearts.

Such pseudo-patriots keep the flag from touching the ground or from getting wet, but actually, they are grinding it in the dust of the worst kind. They are spitting on it by the way they act toward fellow Americans. Respect for the flag takes more than physical care.

In our nation, not only are there religious hypocrites, but patriotic ones too.



# Ted was smaller

By Carl J. Scherzer

THE Youth Fellowship meeting was over. Ralph, Joe, Ted, Judy and Caron stood in front of the church, waiting for something to develop.

"Anyone wanta go to The Corner with me?" Ralph asked, saying it loud enough for Judy to hear.

The Corner was a popular hang-out for kids who liked to nurse a coke for an hour or so.

"I'm ready to go," Ted spoke up. Ralph had his eyes on Judy

"I'll go, too," he heard Joe say and as he turned, Ralph was glad to see that the two girls were coming also.

When they got to the car, the girls climbed into the back seat. Joe pushed in with them. Ralph was

stuck with Ted sitting in front with him. Momentarily disgusted, Ralph stepped on the gas and made the tires squeal as they pulled away from the curb. They hadn't gone a block before Ted reached in his shirt pocket and produced a pack of cigarettes.

"Any one wanta smoke?" he asked, turning to the back seat and offering the pack to Joe and the girls.

"Hu-uh, not now," Joe said as Judy and Caron exchanged significant glances.

"What the devil's the matter with you?" Ted remarked disgustedly. "You want one? I'll light it for you," he said to Ralph without waiting for an answer.

"O.K.," Ralph grunted as he turned a corner.

"Hell," Ted said, "everybody smokes nowadays. What's wrong with it?"

"I just don't want to smoke," Judy volunteered from the back seat.

"I've tried it and I don't like it." "After you've smoked a few packs," Ted interrupted her, "you'll like 'em. You have to grow up some time."

With that he flipped the ashes out the window. They flew into the back seat.

The five drank cokes, ate hamburgers and piled into the car again. Somehow the party that had started out to be fun was turning out differently. Conversation was strained



Judy was glad when Ralph dropped her off in front of her house. She rushed in and phoned Caron.

"What's come over Ted?" Judy asked. "He acted like a drip. When did he start to cuss and smoke?"

"I think it's silly myself," Caron said. "You know he went in a big way for Sally and she won't look at him. She says he's too immature and small. She goes for guys as old as 18 and 19! She says she likes mature men."

"Oh, so that's it!" Judy said, lying on the floor and taking off her socks with her free hand. "So, he's going to show her he's a great big he-man. I get it."

"I think it's a shame, if you ask me," Caron interrupted, "'cause Ted was such a nice guy. Maybe we can do something about it. Now, let's see. . . ."

About 15 minutes later when Judy's mother came into the room, they hung up. Then Judy told her mother what had happened that night and what she and Caron intended to do about it.

Ted *was* a nice kid until this hit him. Always small for his age, now at 16 he still wasn't as tall as Ralph or Joe. He had let his size keep him from participating in school athletics. Because of his stature, he was jealous of other boys to whom the girls were attracted.

Then he fell for Sally but she didn't even consider him among the

living. Ted didn't get to first base. Compensating for his feelings of rejection he retreated into habits he foolishly thought would make him appear more mature.

Fortunately for Ted, he was associated with a group of young people like Judy, Caron, Ralph, and Joe. Ralph smoked a cigarette that night because he felt sorry for Ted. He didn't know why, but he pitied him.

Maybe by now, you've guessed what Judy and Caron cooked up. They decided to start double dating with Caron going with Ted. They decided to let him know he didn't have to develop silly habits to make him appear more mature than he was. In his case, it worked.

If Ted had been friendly with another type of young people he surely would have ended up a very unhappy fellow. There wasn't much doubt that he was heading in the wrong direction.

Sometimes young people like Ted foolishly start bad habits. They curse, drink, smoke in order to compensate for feelings of inadequacy or rejection. Sometimes there are reasons for these feelings. In Ted's case he was small for his age and undoubtedly he had heard that Sally "went" for more mature boys. So he thought he'd make himself more grown-up by assuming habits usually associated with older people. What Ted didn't know was that by doing these things he was acting even more juvenile than he really was.



Dr. Scherzer is chaplain at the Evangelical Deaconess Hospital, Evansville, Ind., and a frequent contributor to YOUTH magazine.

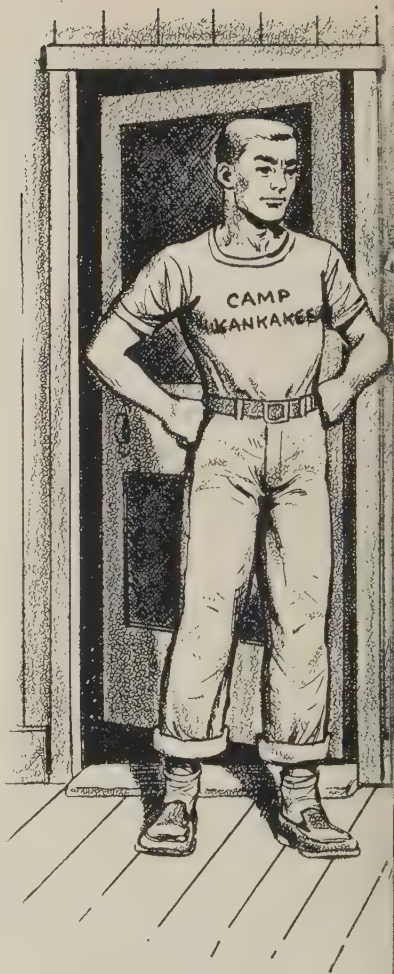
HIS BODY cooled by an afternoon swim, Ritchie Graham started down the overgrown path leading to the counselors' bungalow. A lazy stillness pervaded the sun-baked camp. It was the Quiet Hour at Camp Kankakee. The boys were all in their cabins resting, or writing letters, or amusing themselves.

This was the second summer 19-year-old Ritchie Graham had been a counselor at Camp Kankakee. It had been a pretty good summer too, the lanky youth reflected, as he pushed aside a tree branch that hung low over the path. Every boy in Ritchie's cabin had grown both physically and emotionally. Sam Fuller had come to grips with his overweight problem. Timmy Wilson wasn't as timid as he had been at the beginning of camp. And Bill Jenkins had stopped being such a constant tattle-tale. Of course, there was Hector . . .

Ritchie's thoughts broke off abruptly, as he sensed something in the bushes beside the path. A sort of rustling. He sniffed. There was a faint odor too. Cigarette smoke. With a thrust of his big hands, Ritchie parted the bushes and stepped through. "Hector Cheesbrol" Ritchie muttered.

"Criminy!" the 12-year-old whistled, crushing out his half-smoked cigarette beneath his shoe. "You got X-ray eyes or somethin', Graham?"

All the other boys in Ritchie's cabin called him Ritchie. But not



Hector Cheesbro. From the very first day at camp, Hector had made clear he was no ordinary boy—even an ordinary mortal. With boredom but consistent perfection, Hector was tops in every sport and every camp activity. Which was all right—except



# the little monster

a story by Morton Green



he devoted that same singleness of purpose to making Ritchie's life difficult.

"I thought I warned you about smoking, at the beginning of camp," Ritchie said evenly.

"Yeah, you really scared me," Hec-

tor sneered. Then, he continued, "Am I glad tomorrow's the end of dear old Camp Crummy. One more day of this dead-beat camp, and I'd suffocate."

It was moments like this when Ritchie almost wished Hector *had*



## the little monster

actually gotten lost on that hike and fallen over a cliff as the little monster had pretended to do one time. Boy, that scare had taken ten years off Ritchie's life.

"What's with you, Hector?" Ritchie took the pack of cigarettes out of the boy's shirt pocket and waved it in front of Hector's nose. "Is this defiance a way of getting back at me for keeping you in line all summer?"

A smirk spread over Hector's bold face. "I'm not ready for a head-shrinker yet, so stop trying this child psychology stuff on me. And you can forget your buddy-buddy, big brother act too. Those other jerks may think you're the greatest thing since Superman. . ."

"All right, you little monster, that's enough." Ritchie's tone matched Hector's in harshness and sarcasm. "Get into the cabin, where you should be. On the double!"

"Gladly," said Hector, leaving the clearing. "The air here is slightly putrid anyway."

That kid! *That kid!* Ritchie thought. Ritchie had tried everything he had learned in his psychology course on Hector. But to no avail. Ritchie was firmly convinced Hector Cheesbro would stump even Dr. Arnold Gesell and the entire Yale Institute of Child Study.

"I guess Hector's just spoiled rotten," Ritchie thought, continuing on his way. "His folks are loaded, judging from all the fancy equipment and stuff they've sent him all summer. They've just indulged their little Hector to the point where a little

ego-warping by way of a hairbrush applied to Hector's backside is the only thing he might respect."

Despite his conclusions, Ritchie spent the rest of Quiet Hour puzzling over his failure to get anywhere with the boy. But as Ritchie approached his cabin at the end of the hour, he realized he'd better forge about Hector, and start thinking about the big day tomorrow.

A lot of parents came up at the end of camp to pick up their kids. The camp director always planned a decathlon of events for the campers for the last day with the parents as spectators. Medals were awarded to the winners in each event—and all around, both campers and parents had a lot of fun. But it took a lot of organizing. As he took the cabin steps by twos, Ritchie decided he'd better get his boys squared away for tomorrow's events right now.

Dimly, through his own thoughts Ritchie had been aware of a high falsetto voice coming from the cabin but it wasn't until he stood in the doorway, that the words dawned on him with terrible familiarity.

". . . oh, Ritchie, I miss you so—much! I can't wait 'til we're back at college together this fall . . ."

Ritchie—who hardly ever thought swear word, much less uttered one—was sorely tempted to sputter a string of pirate's curses at the moment.

There sat Hector Cheesbro, in the center of a group of giggling campers reading a letter to Ritchie from Ritchie's fiancée, Janet. And Hector was doing it complete with mincing, pos-turing gestures yet! The little mon-



ster had had the gall to rifle through Ritchie's things to find those personal, private, intimate letters from Janet!

"The urge to kill," breathed Ritchie. All the boys suddenly stopped chuckling and snickering and turned around to stare at their red-faced counselor still standing in the doorway. Then suddenly, Ritchie was across the room snatching the letters from Hector's hands.

A hubbub of noise began among the amused campers. Ritchie blew his whistle, loud and shrill, for silence. He made his announcement about the next day's program, then turned to Hector, and with uncharacteristic sarcasm, said, "Well,

Cheesy, I suppose you'll take all the medals tomorrow?"

"Sure. Easy. I'm a cinch to at Camp Crummy."

"And his doting parents will probably be there cheering their frankenstein on," Ritchie thought grimly. He said carefully hoping to at least shame Hector before his fellow campers, "Hector, you're not showing Camp Kankakee spirit."

"Hah-hah-hah! Oh, you send me, Lover Boy. Kiss me, quick!"

What was the penalty for murder in this state? Ritchie wondered silently.

The next day, Ritchie Graham had little time for thoughts of Hector—lethal or otherwise. Soon after lunch,

## may we quote you?

Always put off until tomorrow what you shouldn't do at all. (*Industrial Press Service.*) . . . Sacks were designed for lowly potatoes, but never, never, for luscious tomatoes. (*Alan Jenkins.*) . . . A man long experienced in working with young people. . . . thinks the future is pretty safe in their hands. But he is concerned over three things. "One," he said, "the need to jolt them out of being satisfied with mediocrity, of being 'just average.' Two, their slavish adherence to conformity, of not daring to be different. And three, their reluctance to court, or even accept, responsibility." (*KVP Philosopher.*) . . . The theater usher was astonished to see a kangaroo sitting in the front row munching a bag of peanuts. He whispered, "Where'd you get the peanuts? I thought the machine was broken." (*Automotive Dealer News.*) . . . There is enough in the world for everybody's need, but not enough for everybody's greed. (*Survey Bulletin.*)

## the little monster

the decathlon events were in full swing. Ritchie, like the other counselors, had his hands full organizing and refereeing, plus talking to gushing parents who were sure that their particular offspring was without equal on this earth. However, despite the general confusion, Ritchie did notice, as Hector himself had predicted, Hector was taking most of the medals.

Finally, in late afternoon, when the last medal had been handed out, and the last parents had departed to return the next day to pick up their children—then, Ritchie plunked himself down on the dusty ground under a tree, and sighed in tired relief.

A shadow fell across the ground a few feet away. Ritchie glanced up to see Hector, loaded down with medals, trudging toward the cabin. "Congratulations, Cheesbro," Ritchie said, nodding at the collection of medals.

"Yeah." Hector's tone lacked the usual bite.

Suddenly, Ritchie realized among all the hordes of parents who had converged on him that day, there had been no Mr. Cheesbro or Mrs. Cheesbro. He was sure of it. Ritchie could never have missed remembering them, if he had encountered them.

"Where were your folks?" Ritchie asked. "Don't tell me they missed a chance to cheer the wonder-boy?"

Hector stood silent for a long moment, without retort. Then, from his jeans' pocket, he drew two crumpled pieces of yellow paper. "Here." He tossed the missives to Ritchie.

Ritchie unfolded the yellow sheets. They were telegrams from Hector's parents. Regrets they couldn't come for the last day of camp. Plus a promise of a new air rifle from one. And 50 dollars from the other.

"My old lady was too busy with

---

## *Water Safety Tips*

For the millions of American who will take to the water this summer, the American Red Cross emphasizes 10 safety tips on how to stay afloat and stay alive.

1. Learn to swim. To save your life, you can't think of a better sport.
2. Always swim with another person. Make sure someone is nearby to help if you get into trouble.
3. Swim in a safe place. The presence of lifeguards usually indicates the area is safe for swimming.
4. Know the area. Before diving, make sure the water is deep enough and that there are no hidden objects such as submerged rocks.



her new husband to come, I guess," Hector explained without emotion. "My Dad's too busy making money." The eyes of the boy who was usually all bluster were bright with involuntary tears. "They both promised . . .," he said, more to himself than to Ritchie.

Ritchie felt a lump in his throat. "Well, you'll see them when you go home. Do you live with your Mom or Dad?"

"Are you kiddin'?" Hector retreated behind his hard shell again. "They wouldn't have me for two minutes. My Mom says I'm the baddest kid she ever saw. I go to boarding school all year, and summer camp in the summer. That was my Dad's idea." As Hector walked away, he tossed back over his shoulder, "And brother, that's just great with me. Grown-ups give me a pain."

How dumb can you be? Ritchie

thought to himself, as the suddenly pathetic figure of Hector went into the cabin. "You can't tell a book by its cover" might be the world's oldest cliché, but in Hector's case it was plenty true. Beneath his glib brat act, Hector was just a hurt kid. His selfish parents thought money and presents could substitute for love and guidance. How wrong they were!

That evening, there was a farewell campfire for the whole camp. The boys sang all the songs they had learned. There was a short talk by the camp director. Then, each boy lighted a candle from the campfire. In long lines, they marched to their cabins, carrying their flickering candles, and singing the camp song. Maybe the ceremony was cornball, Ritchie thought. But it was impressive. It always left him with tears stinging his eyes.

Long after the camp was quiet,

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5. Respect the water and know your limitations. Water can be a good friend or a deadly enemy. Don't go beyond safe limits or your ability.

6. Use discretion. Don't swim right after eating or when overheated or over-tired.

7. Try to remain calm in case of trouble. Assume a face-up floating position, keep your hands under water, and slowly move your hands and feet.

8. Keep safety equipment in your boat or canoe. Unless you're really an expert swimmer, it is wise, when riding in a small craft, to wear a life vest.

9. Stay with your boat or canoe. Most small craft will float, even when filled with water or overturned.

10. Don't overpower your boat. A motor too powerful for your boat makes it difficult to control and may cause upsets or other accidents. ▼▼▼

## the little monster

Ritchie sat on the steps of his cabin, watching clouds drift across the yellow, half moon. The night air was refreshingly cool against his skin. The silent breeze ruffled his hair.

"Graham?"

Ritchie turned, startled. "Hey. Hector. You're supposed to be asleep."

"I got something for you. Here."

Ritchie felt the smooth leather of the object Hector had thrust into his hand. "A wallet. For me?"

"Yeah. But don't let your little heart get all fluttery. I . . . I made it for my Dad. In crafts class. Only he didn't come. So I thought . . ."

"Thanks, kid," Ritchie said. The sarcasm that laced everything Hector said didn't fool Ritchie any longer. He knew it was only a front. A protection from further hurt, lest Hector let anyone or anything become too important to him.

"You never did have anyone as bad as me in camp, did you?" Hector asked, almost proudly. In the dark, Ritchie grinned and put the wallet

into his pocket. Hector went on. "I guess maybe I'm sorry though about reading those letters yesterday. I mean, that must have been awfully embarrassing."

"It was."

"I don't imagine you get much time to write letters when you're at college. I mean, you couldn't write to many people . . ."

"Why, he wants me to write to him," Ritchie thought, amazed. "He's too proud to ask. So, he's hinting."

"Would you like me to drop you a line now and then, Hector?"

"Oh . . . if you want to."

"O.K., and you do the same." Ritchie cuffed the boy playfully. "Now, back to bed. On the double!" Ritchie felt better. Hector *had* gotten something out of his camping experience. He trusted someone again. He trusted Ritchie. Ritchie knew he had a lot more to learn about human nature, but he was humbly proud he had been able to give Hector a little of himself this summer. ▼▼▼



Pat Boone and his wife, Shirley, were a happy couple last month when the popular singer was graduated magna cum laude from Columbia University. This was no honorary degree nor publicity stunt. It was the real thing earned through diligent daily study, despite starring on his own weekly television show, waxing top-selling records, making movies, rearing a family of four girls, and maintaining a wholesome reputation while living continually in the public eye. Whether you like his records or agree with him theologically, you must tip your hat to Pat Boone for his sincere effort to be a good example in a day when worthwhile idols are miserably lacking. (Cover photo from Associated Press)



at work in the church . . .

## Hats off to teens who give summer of service to church!



*By Ethel Shellenberger*

**F**ORTY-FIVE caravaners, as you read this, are working 12 different locations. Nine teams of four young people specially trained to give leadership in youth work are in churches and camps. Three other teams are in community service centers giving a longer term of service with vacation church schools, day camps, and playground work as their assignments.

Most of these young people came through the Christian education program of two denominations. Along with thousands of others they studied in the church school, read the Bible, were active in youth groups, sang in choirs, went to church camps and were generally involved in the life of the church. What was it that brought them to the decision to give their time and energy to the church this summer?

For some who have volunteered, caravaning has adventure appeal. Some, frankly, like to travel. They see caravan travel as travel with a

good purpose. Then there are those who are testing vocational choices. They think they want to work with people, or they think social work, religious education, or the ministry is for them and that a summer on a caravan will help them make sure. Some are eager to show their appreciation for many advantages by sharing advantages and working with others. And there are those who say they want to serve God by serving their fellowmen.

Those of us who believe in Christian education, as well as the wondrous working of the Holy Spirit, like to think that through the many experiences in a young person's background the impelling spirit of the Christ, who himself served, has given direction.

A tribute is in order to the young people who are giving this summer to work for the church. Considering the thousands of young people in the ranks of the Youth Fellowship and Pilgrim Fellowship, the number is small, therefore the tribute to these few must be doubly warm. ▼▼▼

Miss Shellenberger is Associate Director of Youth Work of the Board of Christian Education and Publication (Evangelical and Reformed).



# Nonsenspins!!

By Leslie Conrad, Jr.

**F**OR my dialing, the most disappointing programs on radio today are the "top-selling record shows." It makes no difference whether they feature the top ten, the top 25, or even "The Top 99"—one of the daily shows in our area—they always add up to a great big minus!

Lately I've been lending my ear to a covey of disc jockeys on Philadelphia radio stations. These fellows, who spin for a living, have some top-drawer platter parties until . . . yes, until they reach for the top-sellers—the real stinkeroos.

The stuff that's selling—the really hot waxings—may be king-pins at the cash register, but that's about all. As I hear them played and replayed, the top-sellers—with few

exceptions—seem to have the following undesirable characteristics.

1. **They're nonsenspins.** No rhyme and less reason is more than satisfactory contents-wise. There was a time not too long ago when a popular record could be categorized as (1) a ballad, (2) an instrumental or (3) a novelty. But the present crop of cash-producing platters justify the description "nonsenspins." A few—a mighty few—may be classified as ballad, instrumental, or novelty.

2. **The singer dare not be understood.** Most of these groove cutters gargle their G's, roll their R's, swallow their S's, and yap their Y's. They seem to delight in whole sale disregard for decent diction and proper pronunciation. I may be creeping up on my Old Age Pen-

Mr. Conrad is executive secretary of the Luther League of America.



on rights, but I like to understand what the singer is singing. This is a feature I find attractive in such vocalists as Johnny Mathis, T. Ernie Ford, Frank Sinatra, Pat Boone, Perry Como, Patti Page, Doris Day, Dinah Shore, and Betty Johnson.

**3. Repetition is the standard stock in trade.** All you need for a hit is a half-dozen words like "Baby loves me; I love Baby." Repeat them about 25 times—enough to fill the platter—and you've got it made. On second thought, you don't even have to fill the platter with humbo-jumbo; half-filled is sufficient.

**4. Jagged tempo is "the must."** Shake, rattle and roll are words that define the tempo of today's records most adequately. It's hoppin', jumpin', rockin', stompin' stuff. I can't recall when one artist has ever had so much copy-cat influence on the rest of the pack. But "The Big E"—as he is affectionately referred to by some diskers around these parts—has trade-marked the pattern. One Elvis would be bearable; he could be classified as a novelty. But when almost every good and bad presses a Presley-type platter, it's past time for someone to hatch a new twist.

**5. It's a here-today-and-gone-tomorrow type of waxworks.** Five and one-half weeks—a grand total of 38 days—is the length of time that the average best-selling record lives among the "top 25."

That's a short-lived existence. (You can keep your own box score by checking the weekly newspaper reports of TeleTheatre Research Institute, which bases its statistics on disc jockey reports, record requests, juke box plays, record and sheet music sales.)

Two faint rays of hope do I perceive through this morass of gloom: (1) Elvis Presley is in the army and (2) there are faint—but unmistakable—signs that you (the listening public) are growing weary of the dreary sameness. Maybe—just maybe—there'll come a day when the "good" record is the "popular" one. It's a comforting thought!





*on this business of living*

## There's always more to say about happy marriages

**H**OW HIGH were you able to rate yourself on each of the 16 points on maturity of personality? (June 22, 1958, issue of YOUTH magazine.) Each of the points in the quiz bears on an important aspect of personality that, in turn, has much to do with successful and happy marriage.

Of course, all young couples planning to be married feel that they are mature enough for such a step. But hard statistics clearly show that at least a third of the couples simply are not mature enough emotionally or intellectually to stay happily married.

If you rated yourself less than three on any of the points in the quiz there might be danger ahead for you, unless you change or find a very unusual partner. Ratings of four would be much safer indications of happy engagement and marriage.

Suppose you honestly feel that you rate poorly on several points in

the list. Should you forever give up hope about yourself? Certainly not. This quiz was not intended to dishearten you, but merely to alert you to the situation you may face so you may do something to smooth out the rough places. This can be done, you know, if you are really determined enough about the matter.

What points about your own personality might create the most difficulty in marriage for you? The full answer may still not be completely clear in your self-ratings on this short quiz. Yet the over-all picture of your ratings on these 16 points is a good place to begin to talk about these important questions. Seek counsel from someone who loves and values you as a young person. Take the quiz along with you when you go to talk with your parent or friend. They will see that your ratings at least indicate that you have been trying to look at yourself as objectively as possible. This is a

## Dr. John E. Crawford

- a clinical psychologist with special interest in youth and their problems
- a Fellow in the consulting division of the American Psychological Association

clear mark of intelligence and courage.

Unhappy experiences and circumstances beyond your control in your earlier years could still lie beneath several of your poorer ratings on the quiz. Although there never were ways of going back and undoing and untangling all the mistakes of previous years, yet looking at them helps. We can gain insight into ourselves by searching these experiences in an objective way. And clearer insight can change the present and future picture in many respects.

God, our Father, is always ready to help us change the picture of our lives. Certainly he is always ready to help every young couple plan ahead wisely to a happy marriage, for this is part of his own amazing and heartening plan for us as his children. He expects us to apply our intellects and talents to such planning of our lives.



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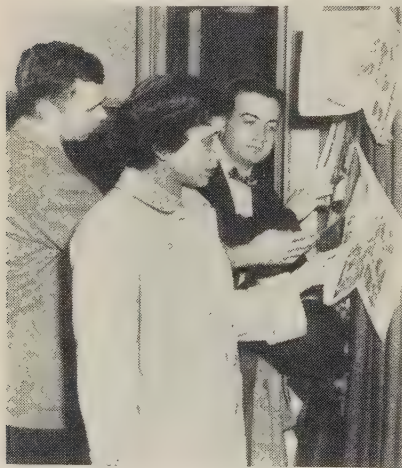
**"We disagree theologically . . .  
HE thinks he's perfect, and I  
think he isn't!"**



### Presbyterians Form 4th Largest Denomination

Protestantism's fourth largest denomination came into existence recently when two men met at a Pittsburgh street corner and clasped hands. By this simple ceremony the United Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. was established. The new denomination is the result of merger negotiations carried on between the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. and the United Presbyterian Church

of North America. Negotiations of the two bodies were instigated after a three-way merger was defeated in 1955. A third group, the Presbyterian Church in the US (Southern), voted to bow out of the union plans then. However, leaders of the new church said that the "door was open" for the Presbyterians in the South. A communion service was the first official act in which the assembled commissioners, 1200 strong, participated, following a rain-soaked procession from the site of the street corner ceremony.



RNS Photo

*An exhibit in Cleveland, O., of obscene publications collected from newsstands by the newly-formed Citizens for Decent Literature Committee here is viewed by persons attending a meeting of the group. Its prime target is to eliminate such magazines from newsstands.*

### Golden Rule Skipper Jailed Again in Hawaii

The skipper and navigator of the pacifist ketch Golden Rule — both Quakers — were charged in Honolulu with criminal contempt of court and jailed. This action followed their second attempt to sail into the Eniwetok testing area in protest of United States nuclear weapons testing. The skipper, Albert Bigelow, was arrested shortly before the 30-foot vessel could leave the Ala Wai Yacht Harbor where it was moored under a federal court order. A few hours later, under the command of its navigator-owner, William Huntington, the ketch got beyond the three-mile limits. However, Coast Guard boats forced its return.



*The mark of the fish, symbol of early Christianity, recently directed Pilgrim-clad worshippers to ten "secret" cellar Bible meetings in memory of the jailing of Pilgrims in Holland before they sailed for America.*

RNS Photo

## Federal Funds Sought for Alcohol, Tobacco Education

Sen. Richard L. Neuberger (D. Ore.) introduced recent legislation to urge Congress to give grants-in-aid to states willing to "educate children with respect to the harmful effects of tobacco and alcohol."

Sen. Neuberger told his colleagues that he has been disturbed over the constant torrent of skillful advertising which seeks to persuade young people to embark upon the cigarette and liquor habit." He charged the senator, "This advertising saturates many publications and as far as tobacco is concerned, dominates much of our radio and television programming." Cigarette advertising, he noted, "is specifically aimed at making the habit attractive to young people."

Using the example of his own state of Oregon, Sen. Neuberger

urged that the Federal government devote a "small fraction of the vast revenues it collects from these unhealthy habits," to temperance education. The government collects \$4,647,000,000 annually in excise taxes on alcohol and tobacco.

## Filipino Catholics Told to Quit Protestant Schools

Excommunication has been ordered for all Philippine Roman Catholics who continue to study in Protestant institutions or to support YMCA organizations despite a ruling of the church hierarchy. The ruling as it stands now is confined to the area under Archbishop Cuenco. However, if it is extended to other parts of the Philippines, considerable repercussions within the church are expected. Hundreds of Roman Catholic students are enrolled in Protestant schools.

# Teen Tips

Mary Margaret McBride continues her weekly series of radio conversations over the Mutual Broadcasting System, 1:15 p. m. on Saturdays. The following topics are on schedule during July and August: "Children and TV" (July 5); "Teen-Age Dating" (July 12); "Preparation for College" (July 19); "The Apron Strings" (July 26); "Sex Attitudes in the Home" (August 2); "Is Counselling Necessary?" (August 9); "The Family and the Church" (August 16); "Civic Responsibility" (August

23); and "Mobility of the Family" (August 30).

\* \* \*

The Protestant segment of *Look Up and Live* returns to the TV screen on July 6 for a new nine-part series entitled "Diary of a Teenager." The program appears on CBS-TV at 10:30-11 a. m. EDT on Sundays. The plan for the new series is to deal with teenagers' problems at three age levels. The diarist is a girl in her last year of high school who has a younger sister just entering high school and an older brother who has graduated from college and is about to marry. Thus, the programs will cover such experiences as dating, going steady and preparation for marriage.

## The big date is nearing!

If you're planning to attend the National Conference on Christian Education at Purdue University (August 19-22), you ought to be lining up your transportation and sending in your registration fee.

Young people with local leadership in the church youth program are invited to attend, along with adults who work in all phases of Christian education in the church. It is the first mass meeting open to all members of the United Church of Christ.

The university is turning over all of its facilities to our conference. No students will be on campus. The new dormitories, the partially air-conditioned and newly-expanded dining facilities, and the large air-conditioned auditorium will easily handle the anticipated 5000 delegates.

Special youth study groups, afternoon youth meetings and dramatic productions, and special evening "pow-wow" sessions are planned for teenagers and workers with teens.

Write now to: National Conference Committee, Room 215, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.



# Idle clothes go to work

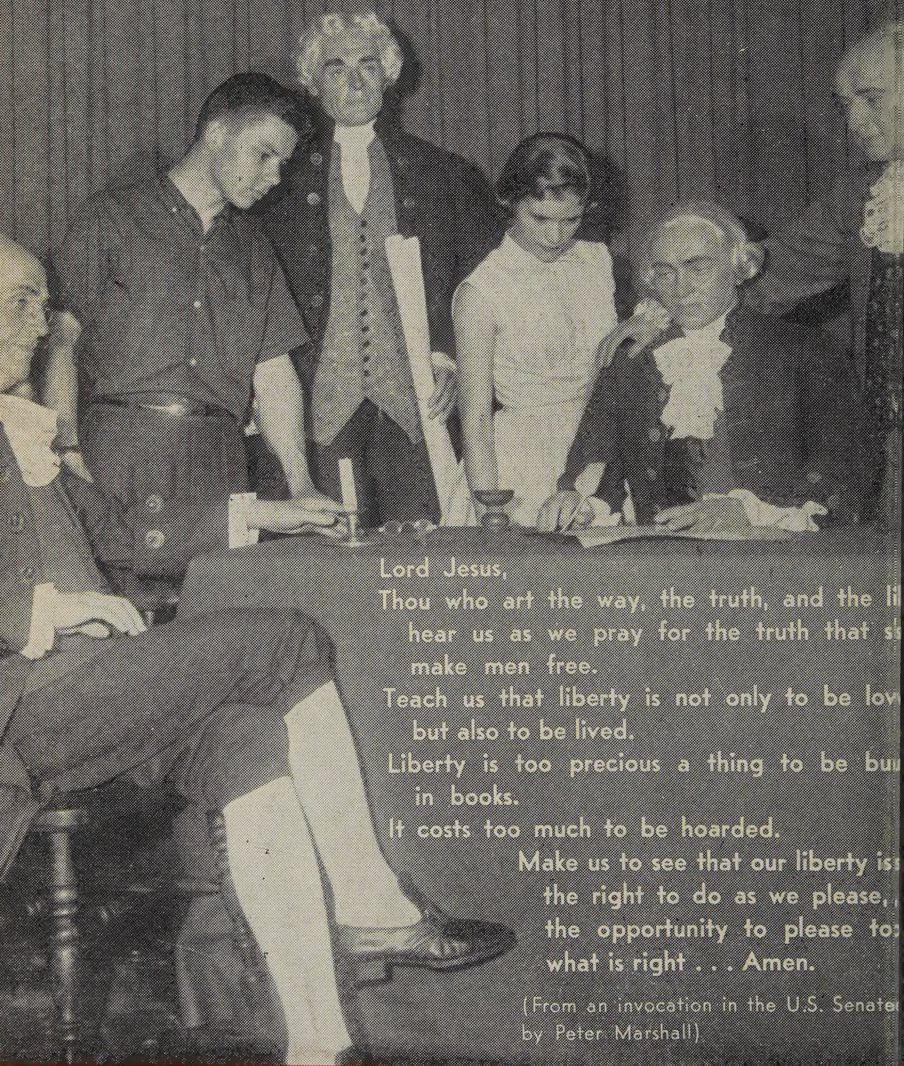


TO AID persons overseas, ten million pounds of usable clothing is being collected through the United Clothing Appeal, sponsored by Protestant churches throughout the country during 1958. Slogan of the United Clothing Appeal is "Let the Idle Clothing in Your Closet Go to Work to Help someone in Need Overseas." Among youth groups which have already responded this year is the Senior High Youth Fellowship of Grace Church, Chicago, Ill. After two weeks of advertising a "pick-up-day" among members of the congregation, 25 YFers drove around to various homes to pick up the clothes, sort it, pack it in duffel bags and boxes. A total of 1850 pounds (see photo below) of good used clothing was collected and sent Church World World Service for shipment abroad.





# A prayer for liberty



Lord Jesus,  
Thou who art the way, the truth, and the life,  
hear us as we pray for the truth that shall  
make men free.

Teach us that liberty is not only to be loved,  
but also to be lived.

Liberty is too precious a thing to be buried  
in books.

It costs too much to be hoarded.

Make us to see that our liberty is  
the right to do as we please,  
the opportunity to please to  
what is right . . . Amen.

(From an invocation in the U.S. Senate  
by Peter Marshall)